

Get Real

David Bowie

Oh hideous year we angels have lead
We're dead, we're sick and hanging by thread

Get real

Get real

You can't stop meaningful teenage cries
From deep behind fifty year old eyes

Get real

Get real

I'm scared to touch, too tense to be undone
I walk the streets not expecting morning sun
Against the voice of doom failures fall all over town
I guess I should, I feel I should

Get real

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What's up? What happened when I wasn't around?
Who did what? What went down?

Get real

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Think about myself it happens to me
It happens in the tunnel when I let myself feel
Get real
Get real

I'm scared to touch, too tense to be undone
I walk the streets not expecting morning sun
I feel it all through breakdowns falling all over town
I feel I should, I guess I should

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The dazzle of light, the rape of life
The seed, the curse, the jazz of life

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